



Most of the time, I'm straight. I mean, I love my wife. I like fucking pussy. But there's something about being in LaCrosse that leaves me starving for dick. On hot, muggy days in July, I walk along the Mississippi and watch the riverboats glide by. I hear the splash of their paddlewheels and the cries of eagles flying past the sandstone cliffs. I feel the quiet whoosh of barges moving slowly through the thick, muddy water, and I remember my best friend, Daryl.

Daryl and I grew up in the farm country east of the river. Back at home, we were all just good old boys. Sure, we knew about the straight/gay things. We'd heard people call each other fag or queer or gay on TV, even seen some guys in dresses when we went to the Twin Cities on our senior biology trip. The summer after we turned 18, though, Daryl and I were just buds hanging out together. We were single and horny and working hard out on his grandpa's farm, with no chicks around for miles and just a couple of well-thumbed Playboys hidden out in the hay loft.

Back then, Daryl and I always jerked off together. It was just something we did.

"Fuck, look at the tits on this one. She is hot, dude. I bet she could suck the chrome off the shifter your daddy's '68 T-bird." Darryl's breath wasn't exactly coming easy. He was lying back in the hay, naked except for his T-shirt and his socks. His short, stocky body glistened with sweat and strands of his long, sun-bleached hair clung to his neck. In one hand, he held the warped centerfold sideways, so Miss July of five years ago hung down just above his cock. In the other, he held his thick, swollen shaft. As he spoke, he feverishly worked his foreskin back and forth over the glistening red tip beneath.

"Nice ass, too," I panted. My own dick was throbbing. I was taller and skinnier and darker than Daryl, so I figured it made sense that my dick was longer and thinner, with a thick nest of sweaty brown curls at the base. My cover wasn't long and loose like his either, but there was still enough there to get me shivering each time I pinched my skin and worked the web of frenulum beneath. I had a thing for tits, too. Even more than Daryl. My own especially. Daryl thought I was nuts. But when he saw how turned on I got, he'd chewed on my nipples more than once for me, so I'd have a really good come.

"Do me, man," he gasped, leaning back down into the stacked up hay. He tried to point the head of his dick towards me, but he was so hard it didn't want to go any direction but straight up. "I really need it, man. I am hard up for some serious cock sucking."

Now, Daryl and I had talked about this at length. We once heard some stuff on a special on TV, and we worried we might turn gay if we kept sucking each other's dicks. Not that that bothered either one of us, really. But we were afraid that if we were gay, we wouldn't be able to fuck pussy anymore. And that would definitely not do. Not that either one of us had ever had a serious girlfriend, but it was the principle of the matter. So, after a lot of long and serious conversations over more than a few beers, we'd decided that sucking each other off was just a dick thing. It didn't have anything to do with liking either cocks or pussy. We were just horny. And as Daryl had said, I could see he was seriously hard up at the moment.

I tossed my magazine to the side and lay down on my shirt between his legs. As I took his balls in my hand and lifted them, Daryl threw his arm over his eyes. Now one thing I'll say about Daryl is that he really appreciated having his dick sucked. He moaned, long and sweet, as I licked into the damp heat between his ballsac and the side of his leg.





"Oh, dude," he groaned.

"You smell nice," I said, burying my face in his crotch and inhaling deeply. I licked long and slowly, swirling my tongue over the heavy orbs in his hot, wrinkled sac. "Taste good, too."

"Fuck," he moaned. Daryl wasn't real eloquent, at least not where his cock was concerned. As I started really working his balls, he reached down and stroked my hair. He buried his fingers deep, rubbing and tugging while I sucked his balls one at a time into my mouth and washed his salt from them with my spit.

We were never much into hurrying. As far as we were concerned, the first couple of hours after lunch were set aside for beating off. Nobody was going to venture into the barn to bother us during the heat of the day. So I sucked Daryl's nuts until he was moaning. The sweat on my shirt had dried, but I got it wet again with my precome as I wriggled over the thin cotton covering the thick hay beneath. Then I moved up just a bit and licked up his shaft.

"Oh, yeah, dude," he panted. "That's so sweet."

And it was. Daryl's scent was one fucking intense aphrodisiac. The soft skin over his rock hard dick was tangy and salty with his sweat and dried dick juices. We'd learned all about safer sex in school, but since neither one of us had ever had sex with anybody else, we figured we were safe. Besides, we

didn't figure we were really having sex. We were just two guys beating off together and helping each other out. We especially didn't use the term "virgins." No way. We had reps to uphold. And we would have slept with chicks, if there'd been any available, which there weren't. Well, except on Saturday nights. We both had reservations about the overpainted women twice our ages who came into town to party at the Barrel-on-Inn. And we definitely didn't want to go to church and get hitched, which was where the only chicks we knew who were our ages were. We figured things would get better when we went away to college in the fall. So, for now, we were just a couple of guys, helping each other out.

I licked up, teasing over the velvety soft skin, pointing my tongue down hard where the tube snaked up the middle of his shaft. With my thumb and forefinger, I pulled his dickskin back. Then I flattened my tongue and licked on up into heaven.

"Oh, man!" Darryl was so sensitive, he jumped with each swipe. The thin layer of tangy sweat drew me like a cat to cream. He shook when I wiggled my tongue against the long, thin sensitive web underneath. "Do it softer, man. S-softer . . ."

I knew what Daryl needed. As I gentled my tongue, I let my saliva run down over his shaft. I drooled spit until his balls were wet and my mouth juice was running down into his crack. Daryl was breathing hard, panting like a dog. He knew what was coming. As I kissed my way tenderly up his shaft, he gripped my hair.



"Here it comes, dude." I opened my mouth and swallowed his cock. Daryl bucked up into my throat. Oh, god, he tasted good -- salty and musky and something that was just plain him. His skin was soft and warm over the turgid flesh beneath. Each time I dove forward, his hips thrust up to meet me. I slid my finger down his straining balls and over the spit I'd drooled into his crack. Daryl didn't like to admit how sensitive his asshole was, so we didn't talk about it. But as soon as I started rubbing his perineum, his legs moved apart and he bent and lifted his knees. I rubbed the quivering, wrinkled pucker hiding



between his ass cheeks. He thrust deep into my throat, grunting as I swallowed him so deep I fought to keep from gagging.

Daryl never lasted long once I was fingering his hole. As my throat closed around him, I ground my throbbing cock into the sweaty shirt beneath me. I eased my slippery finger through that tight-assed sphincter of his and up into his wet, hot chute. Every damn time, he shouted, bucking up as his creamy jism spurted into my mouth. No matter how many times we did it -- and we did it damn near every day -- each time, I loved the feel of his semen squirting down my throat so much that right then and there, I came into that fucking shirt beneath my legs. There was a spot in Daryl's ass that made him squirt buckets when I massaged it, so while he writhed and twisted and my dick spurted into the crusty, well-used shirt, I rubbed that knot in his ass and sucked his cock while he held my head and fucked himself dry into my throat.

Then, no matter how many times I told him I'd already come, Daryl would announce that my coming into the shirt didn't count. Our helping each other was only fair if he got me off, too. He was shorter, but he was definitely stronger. So when he'd caught his breath and finally stopped shaking, he rolled me over and took my cum-covered cock in his mouth. He spit on his fingers until they were dripping. Then he worked them slowly and deliberately up my ass, one at a time until he had three or four in me, and he finger-fucked me while he sucked me off until I finally came again.

Even though I was young and horny, I'd just come, so sometimes it took me a really long time. Sometimes, it took so long Daryl would get hard all over again. So, when his fingers got tired, he spit on his dick and used that instead. It wasn't sex. It was just that his fingers were tired and he was horny again, too. So he grabbed my ankles and spread my legs, and he pressed his spit-covered dick into me. He pumped his big hard dick up my ass, through my asslips and deep inside to press over that spot where my orgasms started. I grabbed my dick and squeezed it while he thrust hard and deep and fast, or sometimes slow and easy and relentlessly. When the orgasm finally boiled up out of me, my body stiffened and shook. My balls drained themselves dry while I grunted and twitched and tried not to yell because it felt so damn fucking good. Then Daryl stiffened over me and I felt the surges while Daryl emptied himself up my ass.



We never talked afterwards. That would have made what we were doing too much like sex. So, we just lay there holding each other until we fell asleep. And when we woke up later on, we laughed at how sticky and sweaty our bodies were, and how the loft smelled like cum. Then we hid our Playboys and went back downstairs to work. And the next day, after lunch, we went back up to the loft and did it all over again.

For all I know, we might have been doing it still. But when fall came, Daryl and I went away to different colleges. He was killed by a drunk driver a few months later. During my sophomore year, I met Amy. We got married right after graduation and moved to Madison. She doesn't suck my cock as well as Daryl did, and I don't think she knows I have an asshole. But she has big breasts and a sweet pussy and I love her. Even though she never met Daryl, she didn't mind when I told her that I love her now, but I think I loved him that one summer so long ago, back when he and I were just 18.

And every summer, at least once, I find a reason to go to LaCrosse by myself to watch the riverboats moving up and down the Mississippi. I walk by the river on sultry afternoons and one way or another, I end up hooking up with another man. Now, I use condoms, even for sucking. I usually only come once. And I call what I'm doing sex. But when a warm, living dick is buried deep in my ass and

I'm squeezing my dick, I think of Daryl. I hear the horns of the riverboats, and, oh, god, I come.

The End

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